

Then and Now

Then

I run a political weekly skewering blatant thieves
and their business bribers. Special pet is Republican
Party with its all-things-vagina approach.

More enemies than subscriptions.

Seemingly more bills than both

Before Sheriff launches us into new careers,
we always inebriate away in a Thursday party
at a low establishment, having put the rag
to bed.

The only rule is to be self-critical, to
try to balance off our scorning of others.

Some of the confessions lead to beery tears.
No surprise.

When my turn comes, I aver I've stopped
beating my wife, to general hilarity.

Not wife nor girlfriend, having lost both
in incendiary divorce. As hot as it was,
gossips lost interest due to my non-importance.

Now

-Those were the days...and weren't.

-Oh Daddy, how, like, profound!

-What we could muster, lacking Nintendo.

-Lame, in all dimensions. But please stop talking.
Your vacated life makes me too sad.

-Is that possible?

-I haven't begun to cry, but no time now.
Gotta scoot to Walgreens, thus car keys please?.

-Some legal drugs?

-Nah. Makeup shit. Awards ceremony tonight where I get one or another. School wants us to act like ladies and look like tarts.

-Wouldn't miss it.

-Whatever.